



**T**he Tinker then took up his pack,  
and said would go his way;  
The fair maid the perceiving that,  
desired him to stay:

He gibe the meat, He gibe the drink  
He pay the e're thou go;  
Although thy Hammers they do beat  
to high, to low, to high, to low, to low,

Cause she was woe he did retreat,  
and come e're she could send.  
Fair maid said he I needs must see  
what hole you have to mend:  
She took the Tinker by the hand,  
into a Room they go,  
But still she cry'd his Hammers beat  
to high, &c.

The Tinkers job did hold him tack,  
till it was almost dark.  
It seem'd her Pettie was so black,  
he could not hit the mark:  
which made the the maiden for to cry,  
Strike home before you go,  
For yet the Hammers they do beat,  
to high, &c.

She Tinker set his work in vain,  
the cause he plainly told,  
there hath so many nails been drove,  
that mine will not take hold.

It hath been pier'd so many times  
it will not endure a blow,  
No wonder if my Hammers beat,  
to high.

The maid thereat was sore perplex,  
and troubled at this ill:  
Said she it hath endured some knocks:  
and more it may do still;  
Time sure god liquor it would hold,  
if it were ill'd I know;  
The reason is your Hammers beat  
to high, &c.

She bid the Tinker mend his work  
and she would mend his wage;  
He us'd his Hammers like a Turk,  
and did himself engage.  
And at the last when all was past  
the Tinker pleas'd her so,  
He said his Hammers did not beat,  
to high, &c.

The Tinker he for double fee,  
did please with much a do,  
But yet e're forty weeks were gone,  
her Pettie fell in two:  
he knockt her till she cry'd again,  
as boys they us'd to do:  
I hope she will not now complain,  
to high, to low, to high, to low, to low!